

DARK
MYSTERY

THRILLING TALES OF HORROR & SUSPENSE

L.N.

JUNE 10¢
NO.12

DARK MYSTERIES

WEIRD TALES
OF HORROR!



JUST A FEW MORE SHOVELS
OF DIRT AND WE'LL PUT
JACK'S SKELETON
BACK!

OH, NO! THERE'S
JACK BEHIND
YOU!

the ~~MYSTERY~~ of
the ~~TALKING~~
~~DEAD!~~



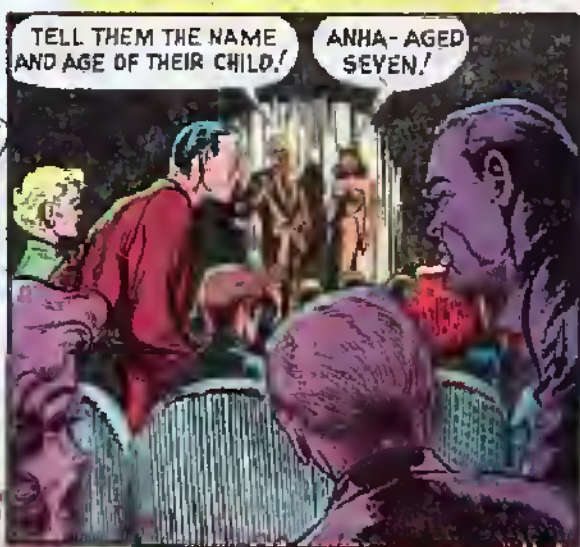
WEB COMIC
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THE LIVING RITA WANTED TO LEARN THE SECRETS OF THE DEAD! HER QUEST LED HER TO THE BRINK OF THE *OTHER WORLD!* AN ANCIENT, EMPTY GRAVE, NOW STRANGELY FILLED WITH THE MORTAL REMAINS OF ONE NEWLY DEAD WAS THE DOOR... SLOWLY SHE CLIMBED IN... SLOWLY...



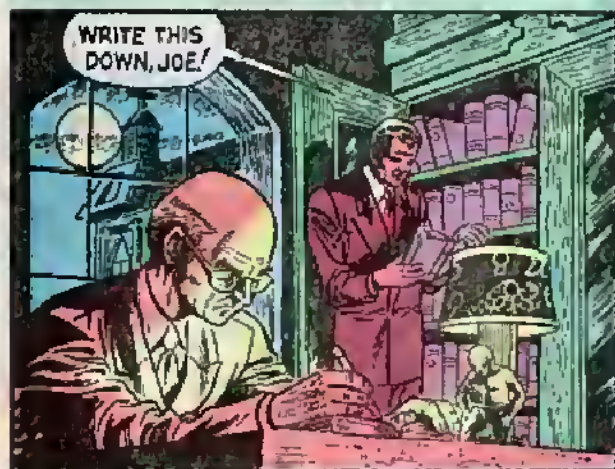
WHEN OUR STORY BEGINS, RITA WAS STILL ALIVE! ON THE MIDWAY-DANIEL, THE GREAT MIND-READER WAS HER PARTNER AND LOVER! THEIR ACT AMAZED THE CROWDS AND WAS MAKING THEM RICH!

THEIR ACT WAS ALWAYS A SELL OUT...



LITTLE PENNY STICK

YES, THE PEOPLE'S LOVE OF THE MYSTERIOUS KEPT THEM CROWDING IN, BUT OF COURSE IT WAS ALL A TRICK! THEIR ASSISTANTS WOULD FIRST VISIT THE TOWN'S CHURCHES...



AND THEN VISIT THE CEMETERY AND READ THE HEAD STONES!



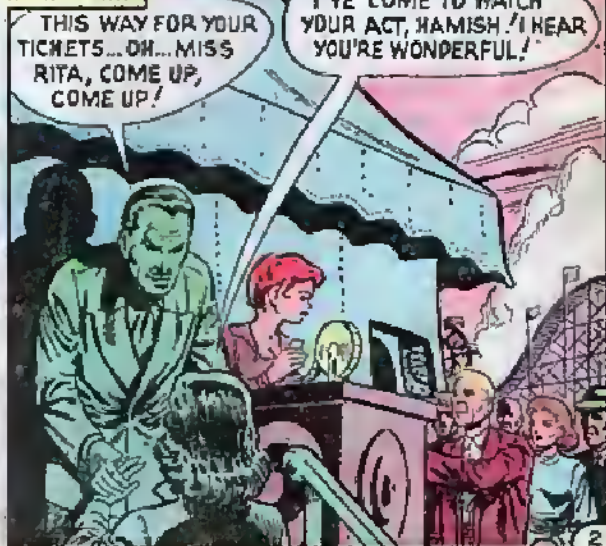
BUT A NEW, SINISTER ATTRACTION ARRIVED, DRAWING THE CROWDS FROM THE GLOOMY DAN AND RITA! THE MOBS THAT SWARMED NEXT DOOR LOOKED FRIGHTENED, SOMBER... ALMOST ASHAMED!



JEALOUSY AND AMBITION BEGAN TO GHAW INTO THE SOULS OF DAN AND RITA!

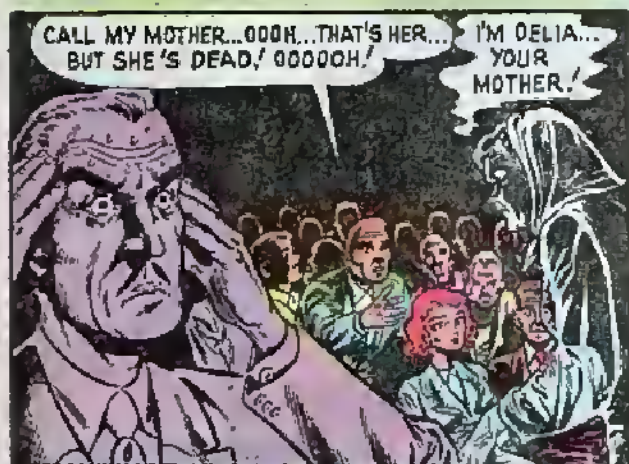


NEXT DAY...



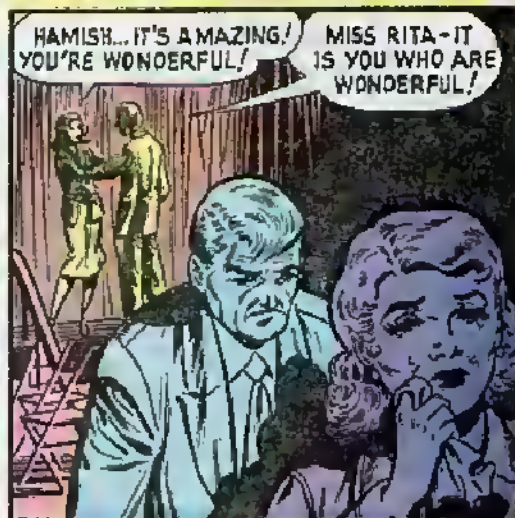
AS THE AUDIENCE CALLED OUT NAMES OF THOSE DEAD WHOSE VOICES THEY WISHED TO HEAR, HAMISH WENT INTO A TRANCE... SUDDENLY VOICES ECHOED WEIRDLY! A SHIVER WENT THROUGH THE CROWD...

THE SILENCE BROKEN ONLY BY A SOB, OR WEeping, THE CROWD STOLE FROM THE TENT!



CALL MY MOTHER...OOOH...THAT'S HER... BUT SHE'S DEAD, OOOOHH!

I'M OELIA... YOUR MOTHER!



HAMISH...IT'S AMAZING! YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

MISS RITA-IT IS YOU WHO ARE WONDERFUL!

DETERMINED TO GET AT THE SECRET OF HAMISH, RITA PLAYED HER GAME!

RITA HURRIED OVER TO OAN!



I WISH I WERE IN THE ACT WITH YOU...INSTEAD OF THAT STUPID MIND READING ONE!

SHALL WE TALK IT OVER... TONIGHT AT DINNER?



WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT, RITA?

DON'T RUSH ME, DARLING, BUT IT'LL BE A SNAP! I'M HAVING DINNER WITH HIM!



I FELL FOR YOU, RITA, THE FIRST DAY I SAW YOU ON THE MIDWAY!

OH, HAMISH... I'M GLAD!

THE SCHEMING RITA LEAD HAMISH ON UNTIL HE FELL IN LOVE WITH HER!



HERE'S A WONDERFUL VIEW! LET'S STOP HERE, DEAREST!

YES, LET'S! UGH...HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!



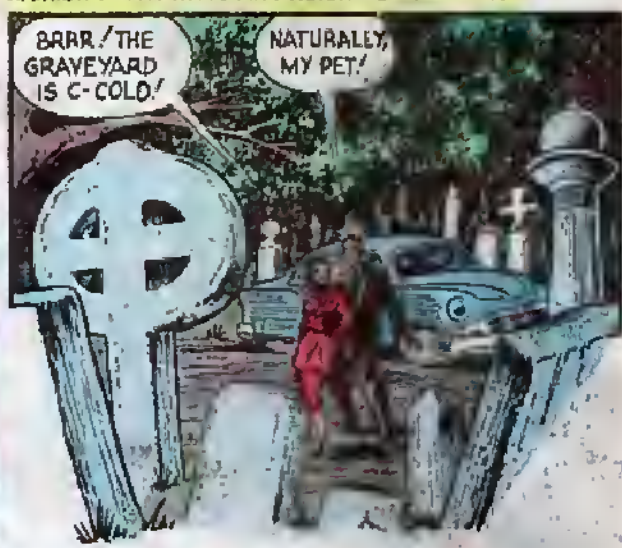
KISS ME, DEAR, I'M MAD ABOUT YOU!

FIRST TELL ME ABOUT THE VOICES, I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING BUT THAT, NOW DO YOU MAKE THE DEAD TALK?

AS RITA WON HAMISH'S PROMISE, SHE FELT HER SKIN SHRIVEL AS HE CRUSHED HER IN AN IRON EMBRACE!



HAMISH TOOK RITA TO AN ANCIENT GRAVEYARD!



HAMISH LOWERED HIMSELF INTO THE OPEN PIT!



THEN RITA, FASCINATED, INCREDULOUS, FRIGHTENED, HEARS HER OWN FATHER'S VOICE!





NOW IT'S OUR SECRET ONLY! SOON WE'LL MARRY!

IT'S AWFUL!



AT LAST YOU'RE BACK, RITA. WHAT HAPPENED?

OH, DAN-YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT!

AND, INDEED IT WAS A FANTASTIC, GRUESOME STORY THAT RITA TOLD DAN.



THE WORST PART, DAN, ...HAMISH IS IN LOVE WITH ME! HE'S SO UGLY... SO WEIRD... I'M AFRAID!

BUT THAT'LL HELP OUR PLAN... HIS ACT WILL MAKE US FABULOUSLY RICH!



WE MUST GET HAMISH OUT OF THE WAY! THEN WE CAN HAVE HIS ACT FOR OURSELVES!



WE MUST FIND A WAY TO GET RID OF HAMISH!

AND THEN A WEEK LATER, RITA FOUND HER WAY!



OH, HAMISH, A EUROPEAN TOUR! I'LL MISS YOU!

I'LL MISS YOU ALSO, MY LOVE, BUT AS SOON AS I RETURN, WE SHALL BE MARRIED!

THE NIGHT HAMISH WAS TO SAIL...

WITH HAMMERING HEART, RITA STARTED TO PUT HER PLAN INTO EFFECT. SHE MUST PLAY IT SMART!



IT'S STILL EARLY! WON'T YOU COME IN, HAMISH!

I'D LOVE TO, DARLING!

I HAVE TO LEAVE NOW, DARLING. I'LL BE SAILING IN A FEW HOURS!

LET'S THINK OF EACH OTHER AFTER YOU LEAVE. I HAVE AN IDEA, HAMISH!

YOU TAKE ONE APPLE, HAMISH. AT MIDNIGHT, TOMORROW, YOU EAT YOURS AT SEA AND I'LL EAT MINE HERE AT THE SAME TIME! THEN WE'LL BOTH BE THINKING OF EACH OTHER!

MY LITTLE ROMANTIC ONE/OF COURSE I'LL EAT MY APPLE!



AU REVOIR, SWEET! WE HAVE A DATE TO THINK OF EACH OTHER TOMORROW! HA HA!

DON'T FORGET TO EAT YOUR APPLE, DARLING!

AS SOON AS HAMISH DEPARTED, RITA RUSHED TO THE PHONE.

DAN, DAN! I THINK OUR PLAN WILL WORK! HE'S GOING TO EAT THE APPLE!

GOOD WORK, SWEETHEART!



HAMISH DIDN'T KNOW BUT RITA GAVE HIM A DEADLY POISONED APPLE!

MIDNIGHT, THE NEXT DAY...

YES, AT MIDNIGHT THE FOOL ATE HIS APPLE, AND...



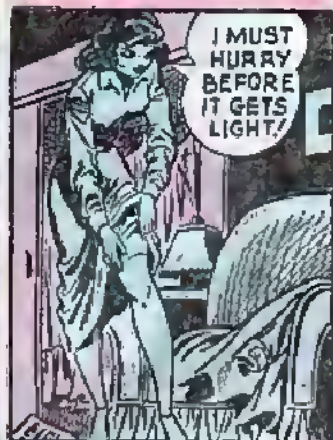
IS HAMISH EATING HIS APPLE? HE MUST, HE MUST!



ASHES TO ASHES...



SO HAMISH HAD EATEN THE POISONED APPLE! ONE THOUGHT OBSESSED RITA, TO RUSH TO THE CEMETERY TO MAKE HIS GRAVE TRICK WORK FOR HER!



A WILD FORCE DROVE RITA! SHE CLIMBED INTO THE VAMPIRE'S GRAVE!

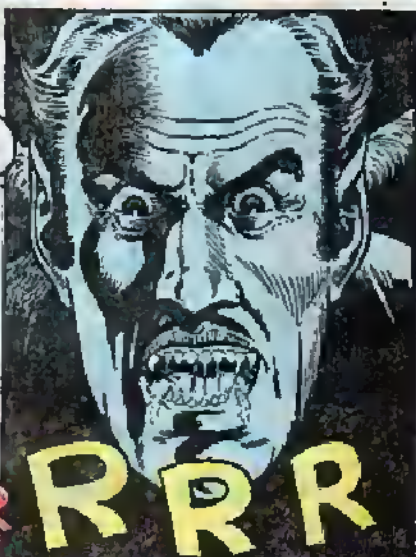


SUDDENLY, RITA SAW A BLACK-WINGED FIGURE BENDING OVER HER! SHE RECOGNIZED HIS FACE!

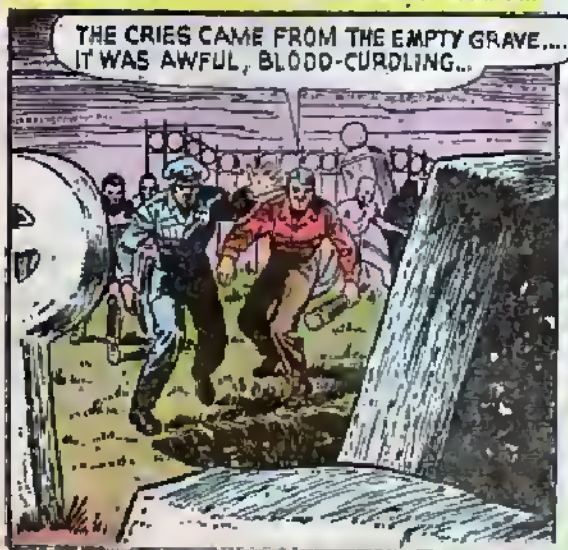
A WILD SCREAM PIERCED THE LONELY GRAVEYARD AS RITA KNEW SHE WAS TRAPPED IN THE GRAVE...



YOU DROVE ME BACK TO MY GRAVE! NOW WE'LL MARRY THE VAMPIRE'S WAY... I'M THE VAMPIRE! HI SHAM ALSO SPELLS HAMISH! I WAS BOTH HISHAM AND HAMISH!



RITA'S TERRIFIED SCREAMS HAD BEEN HEARD...



SHE'S BEEN DRAINED OF BLOOD! THOSE TWO HOLES IN HER NECK...

BUT THAT WOULD MEAN IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE VAMPIRE!



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NAME _____

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My age is: _____

YOUR NAME IS ROLAND ADAMS. BY ALL MEASURES YOU SHOULD BE A HAPPY, CONTENTED SOUL, FOR YOU ARE A SCULPTOR UPON WHOM FAME HAS ALREADY CAST HER FICKLE SMILE, AND FOR WHOM FORTUNE WAITS TO ENBRACE IN HER GOLDEN ARMS... IF ONLY YOU CAN LIVE TO COMPLETE FOR YOUR GOOD FRIEND, INSPECTOR HAYES.



YOU SEE, ROLAND ADAMS, YOU HAVE A HOBBY...
...A MACABRE AVOCATION... MASKS OF THOSE WHO
HAVE BEEN MURDERED OR EXECUTED...

I'VE ADDED ANOTHER MASK TO
MY COLLECTION, MARY. SOMEDAY
IT'S GOING TO PAY OFF FOR US...
GIVE US THE MONEY TO
MARRY.

OH, ROLAND,
I HATE THEM!
THEY'RE...
REVOLTING!



REVOLTING?... NOT TO YOU, FOR YOU ARE AN ARTIST,
A SPECIALIST WHO SEEKS TO CAPTURE THE ULTIMATE
IN EMOTION.

AH, BUT THESE MASKS ARE
DIFFERENT! LOOK! THEY EACH EXPRESS PAIN,
AND FEAR... THE TERRIBLE MOUNTING FRIGHT OF
ONE WHO KNOWS HE IS ABOUT TO DIE!



AND SO, ROLAND ADAMS, BECAUSE OF THIS STRANGE DESIRE OF YOURS, YOUR LIFE IS CAUGHT UP, ONE WARM SPRING EVENING, IN A WEIRD WEB OF VIOLENCE AND DEATH THAT THE FATES BEGAN TO WEAVE WITH A GIRL IN A PARK... A GIRL ALL ALONE.

IT'S SO LONELY TONIGHT I...

OH! WHAT'S THAT? WHO'S THERE?



NO!
NO!

YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, PRETTY ONE! AS NO ONE EVER DIED BEFORE!



A KILLER IS ABROAD THIS NIGHT, ROLAND ADAMS, A MONSTER WHO WANTS TO SEE THE AGONY OF PAINFUL, CERTAIN DEATH IN THE DISTORTED FEATURES OF HIS VICTIM.

THE FACE OF DEATH / HMMM. UGLY, I'D SAY, YET... BEAUTIFUL IN ITS UGLINESS.



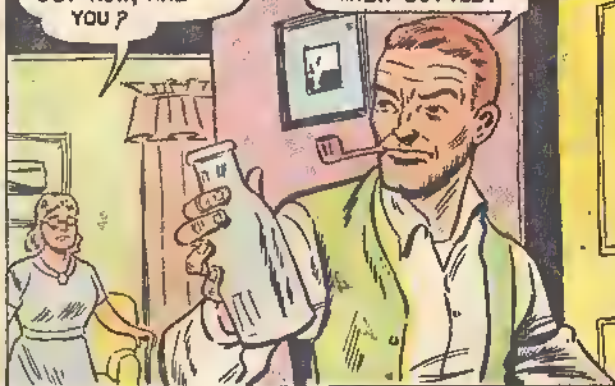
NOR IS HE THROUGH, THAT GRIM AND TERRIBLE SERVANT OF SATAN. ANOTHER NIGHT COMES AND A LATE WORKER HURRIES DOWN A DESERTED STREET... TO AN ABRUPT, BLOODY, END.



AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT THE DEATH LIST GROWS. TERROR IS AN ICY HAND AT THE CITY'S THROAT AND WOMEN FEAR FOR THEIR LOVED ONES.

IT'S LATE, JOHN. YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT NOW, ARE YOU?

DON'T WORRY, MARTHA. I'M JUST PUTTING OUT THE MILK BOTTLE.



YES, JOHN WAS JUST PUTTING OUT THE MILK BOTTLEA STEP ACROSS THE PORCH . . .

HEY!
WHAT...!

THIS IS DEATH EMBRACING YOU, MY FRIEND. GO AHEAD ... SHOW YOUR FRIGHT!



MARTHA ...
UUUGH!



AND WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH YOU, ROLAND ADAMS? WHY, DEATH MASKS ARE YOUR HOBBY. REMEMBER? TO YOU THESE MURDERS HAVE AN IMPORTANCE NOT USUAL TO OTHER PEOPLE.

WELL! ANOTHER BRUTAL KILLING... AND, OF COURSE, ANOTHER MASK FOR ME.



YES, ANOTHER MASK FOR YOU, FOR, FOLLOWING EACH MURDER YOU GO TO YOUR GOOD FRIEND INSPECTOR HAYES OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD.

I GUESS YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE, INSPECTOR.

I KNOW. YOU WANT PERMISSION TO MAKE ANOTHER DEATH MASK. COME ALONG. I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE MORGUE.



POOR DEVIL! LOOK AT HIS FACE! HE DIED HORRIBLY!



YES, TOO BAD. YOU DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF MURDER... BUT YOUR COLLECTION IS GROWING, ISN'T IT? AND THESE LAST ADDITIONS ARE EXCEPTIONAL.

IN MY THIRTY YEARS ON THE FORCE I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

UH... YES... THE FACE... GHASTLY!



YOU ARE EAGER TO GET TO WORK, BUT THE INSPECTOR HOLDS YOU... TAKES YOU TO SEE THE CORONER.

I DIDN'T MEAN THE FACE. IT'S HOW THEY WERE KILLED... WITH WHAT KIND OF A WEAPON! THAT'S WHY WE MUST SEE THE CORONER.

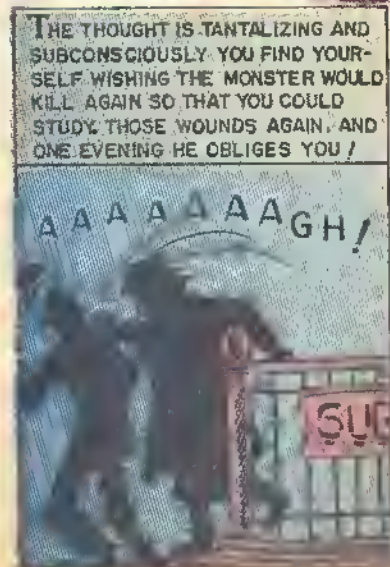
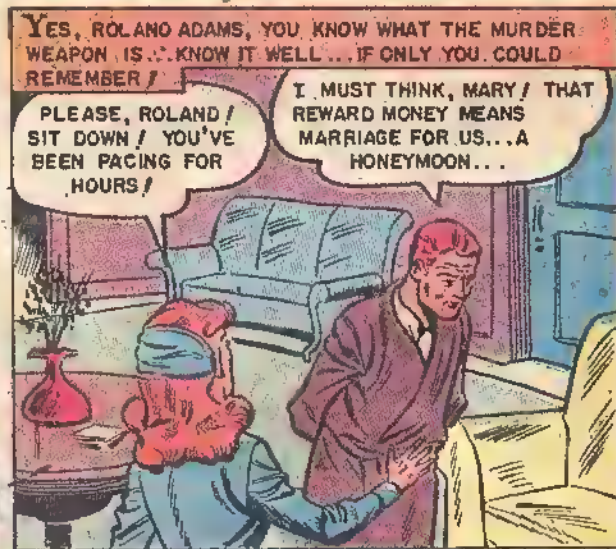
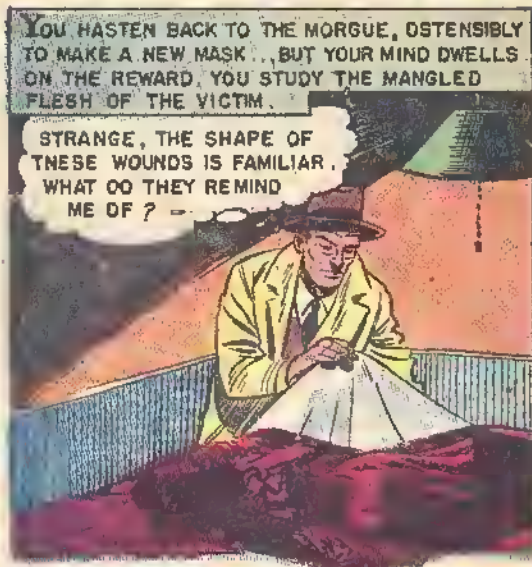
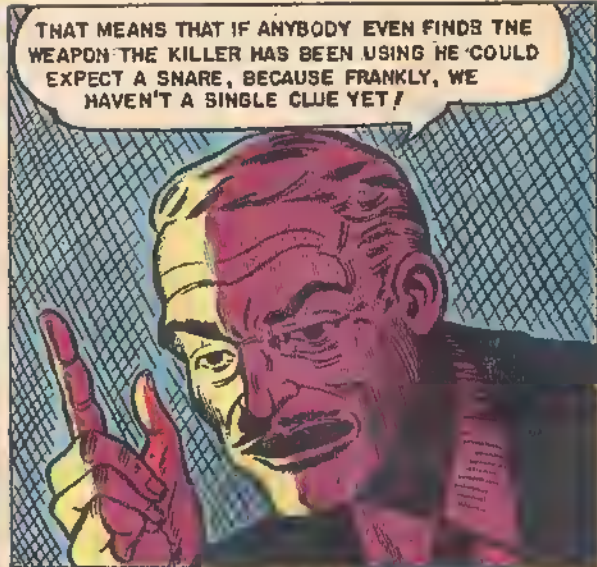


AND SO, ROLAND ADAMS, YOU CONTROL YOUR IMPATIENCE. YOU SHOW SOME CURIOSITY... THAT'S THE NATURAL THING TO DO, ISN'T IT?

YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T IDENTIFIED THE WEAPON THAT WAS USED IN THESE KILLINGS?

NO. THE WOUNDS ARE SIMILAR, BUT OF AN ODD SHAPE. SOMETIMES, EVEN, A BONE IS CUT RIGHT THROUGH. NOT BROKEN... CUT!





SUDDENLY, YOU, ROLAND ADAMS KNOW HOW YOU CAN CLAIM THE REWARD.

INSPECTOR, LET ME WORK WITH YOU! FROM THE DESCRIPTION YOU GET HERE, I COULD MAKE A MASK OF THE CRIMINAL!

IF ONLY YOU COULD, IT WOULD STOP THESE MURDERS!



THE INSPECTOR AGREES AND YOU MAKE NOTES.

THIS FELLA HAD A HARD FACE... HIS COAT COLLAR WAS TURNED UP, JUST LIKE YOURS.

I THOUGHT HE WAS KINDA

HE WAS KINDA SHORT...



NOW YOU ARE ENGAGED NOT IN MAKING A MASK OF THE KILLED BUT OF THE KILLER.

THEN YOU GO BACK TO YOUR STUDIO AND TRY TO BUILD A FACE OF THE KILLER FROM THE SKETCHY OBSERVATIONS THAT ARE SUPPOSED TO FORM THE PICTURE OF THE KILLER.

NO ONE HAS A FULL DESCRIPTION. BUT MY EXPERIENCE WILL HELP ME BUILD THE FACE AND FIND THE WEAPON!



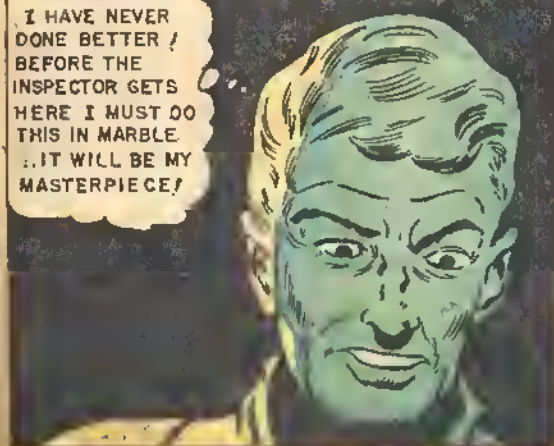
FINALLY, YOU, ROLAND ADAMS, THE SCULPTOR, FALL BACK ON YOUR OWN TALENT AND IMAGINATION.

WITH WHAT I'VE HEARD... WITH WHAT I KNOW, THIS IS THE KILLER FOR INSPECTOR HAYES TO HUNT!



YOU STARE AT WHAT YOU HAVE CREATED... THE FOUL MALEVOLENCE OF THE THING FASCINATES YOU. IT GIVES OFF EVIL LIKE A ROTTEN STENCH! AND YOU ARE STRUCK WITH AN IDEA!

I HAVE NEVER DONE BETTER! BEFORE THE INSPECTOR GETS HERE I MUST DO THIS IN MARBLE... IT WILL BE MY MASTERPIECE!



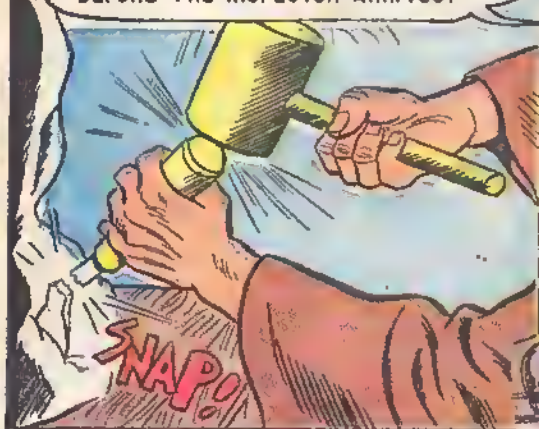
FURIOUSLY, YOU ATTACK THE MARBLE BLOCK. THE CHIPS FALL AND A FACE OF DEATH TAKES SHAPE BENEATH YOUR FRANTIC ATTACK.

NOW IF I ONLY KNEW THE WEAPON...



THEN, AS YOU NEAR COMPLETION, YOU STRIKE A CARELESS, POORLY AIMED BLOW.

DRAT! I BROKE MY CHISEL. I'LL HAVE TO GET ANOTHER BECAUSE I WANT TO FINISH THIS BEFORE THE INSPECTOR ARRIVES.



THERE IS AN ART STORE NEARBY. YOU HAVE NEVER PATRONIZED IT MUCH, BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY.

I NEED A NUMBER 7 CHISEL WITH A CURVED CUT. COULD YOU SEND IT UP, PLEASE?

I'M ALONE IN THE SHOP NOW. CAN YOU WAIT?



NO! NO! I MUST HAVE THE CHISEL AT ONCE! I'M DOING A BUST OF THE KILLER WHO'S BEEN TERRORIZING THE CITY. I MUST FINISH IT SO I CAN WORK ON THE WEAPON!

YOU... YOU KNOW WHAT THE KILLER LOOKS LIKE?



YES / EXACTLY! NOW WILL YOU PLEASE HURRY?

OF COURSE! I'LL CLOSE UP THE SHOP. I'LL BRING THE CHISEL MYSELF.



WAS THERE AN OMINOUS NOTE IN THOSE LAST WORDS, ROLAND ADAMS? IF THERE WAS YOU DIDN'T NOTICE IT... YOU WERE TOO ABSORBED IN YOUR HANDWORK... YES, TOO ABSORBED TO EVEN HEAR THE DOOR OPEN, OR HEAR THE ART STORE MAN WALK IN...

YOU... WANTED... A... CHISEL... MY... FRIEND?

HUH? ...ER, YES...



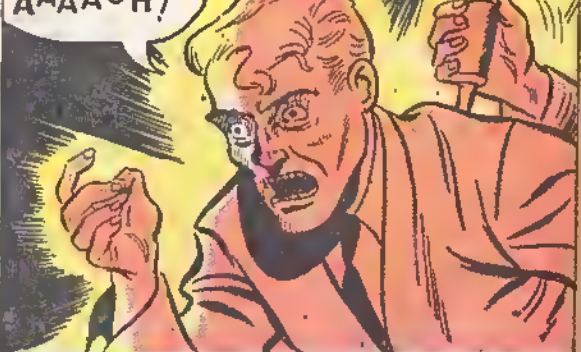
THEN ROLAND SAW THE APPROACHING FIGURE AND THE BUST WERE ALIKE!

THEN, YOU SHALL HAVE IT, MY FRIEND!

YOU... THE KILLER! AND YOUR WEAPON... A SCULPTOR'S CHISEL...



I... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN... AAAAGH!

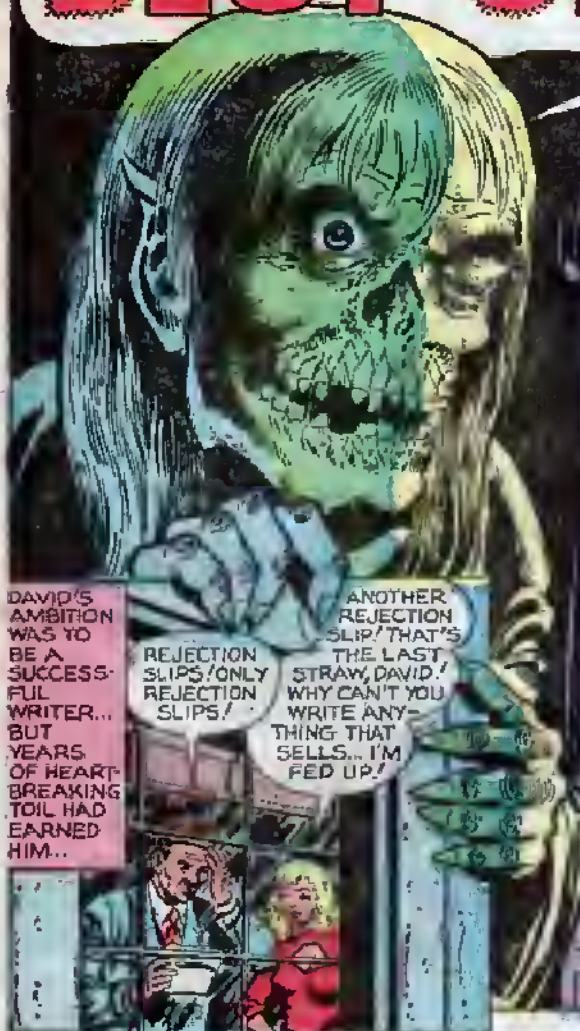


AH, YES, ROLAND ADAMS, YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! TOO BAD, THE TOOL WHICH BROUGHT YOU DEATH MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT YOU FORTUNE! FAME TOO... BUT WHO KNOWS, MAYBE SOMEBODY WILL MAKE A DEATH MASK OF YOU!

The End

THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY THE PRINTED WORD CONJURES UP EXCITING SCENES IN THE READERS MIND/THERE ARE OTHERS WHO CLAIM THE PRINTED BOOK CAN GIVE LIFE TO ITS CHARACTERS...IF VIVIDLY WRITTEN...BUT DAVID MURDOCK FOUND ONLY APPARITIONS OF HORROR IN THE DEATH-SHADOWED PAGES OF HIS STOLEN

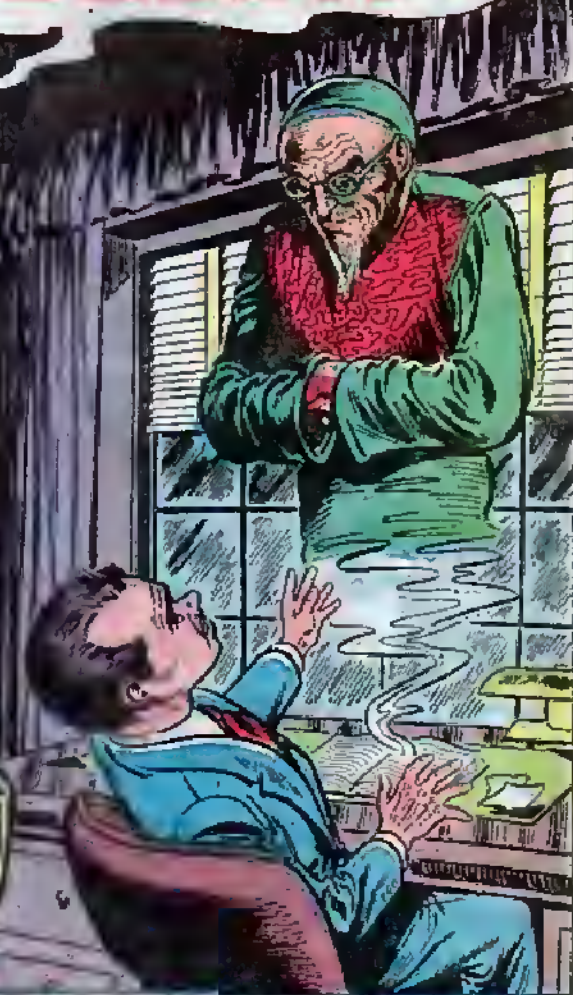
BEST SELLER!



DAVID'S AMBITION WAS TO BE A SUCCESSFUL WRITER... BUT YEARS OF HEART-BREAKING TOIL HAD EARNED HIM...

REJECTION SLIPS/ONLY REJECTION SLIPS!

ANOTHER REJECTION SLIP! THAT'S THE LAST STRAW, DAVID! WHY CAN'T YOU WRITE ANYTHING THAT SELLS... I'M FED UP!



I DO MY BEST, JANE!

YES, BUT NOBODY BUYS IT! BERT DEVLIN NEVER GETS REJECTION SLIPS/HE SELLS EVERYTHING HE WRITES/ WHY CAN'T YOU BE LIKE HIM?/



BERT AGAIN/ YOU'RE ALWAYS THROWING HIM UP TO ME/ HE'S JUST A LUCKY HACK/ I CAN'T WRITE THE TRASH HE SELLS!

AT LEAST HE MAKES MONEY/ YOU'RE A FLOP/ MAYBE YOU LIKE STARVING, BUT NOT ME!



DARLING, GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE. I'LL...

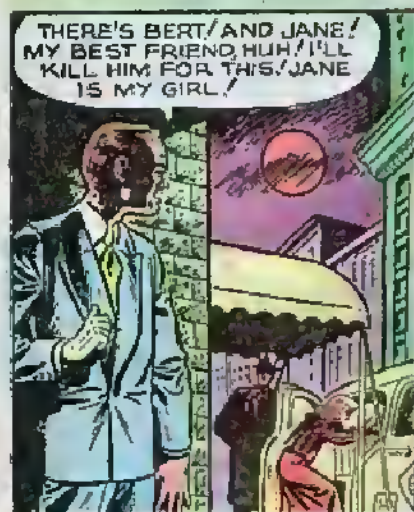
I'M THROUGH, DAVE! LOOK ME UP WHEN YOU'RE AS SUCCESSFUL AS BERT DEVLIN. GOODBYE!

DAVID WAS STUNG TO THE QUICK. A FEW NIGHTS LATER HE SWALLOWED HIS PRIDE AND



I'LL GO SEE BERT. HE'S MY BEST FRIEND. HE'LL HELP ME WRITE SOMETHING THAT SELLS!

AS DAVID APPROACHED BERT'S APARTMENT HOUSE...



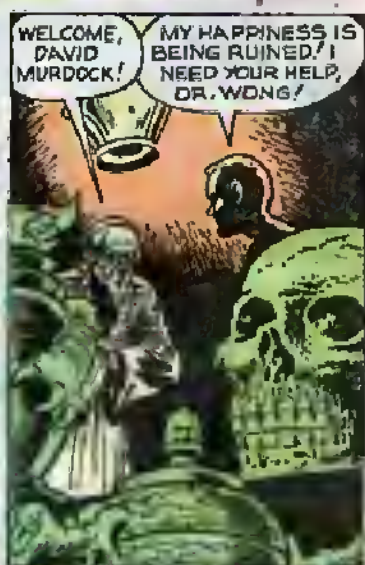
THERE'S BERT, AND JANE! MY BEST FRIEND, HUH! I'LL KILL HIM FOR THIS. JANE IS MY GIRL!

DAVID MADDENED BEYOND ALL REASON, HAD A WILD PLAN. HE GRABBED A TAXI AND DECIDED TO VISIT HIS FRIEND, DR. WONG, IN CHINATOWN.



WILSON AND BROAD! HURRY!

YES, SIR!



WELCOME, DAVID MURDOCK!

MY HAPPINESS IS BEING RUINED! I NEED YOUR HELP, DR. WONG!

DAVID SHRANK BACK AS THE SINISTER DR. WONG SHUFFLED TOWARD HIM...



YOU HAVE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE FOR HELP!

YOU ENVY YOUR FRIEND BERT DEVLIN. HE HAS THE SUCCESS YOU DESIRE! AND NOW HE HAS JANE! THE GIRL YOU LOVE!

THIS IS INCREDIBLE! HOW DO YOU KNOW THESE THINGS? IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH, THEN TELL ME WHAT I CAN DO? I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING BUT...



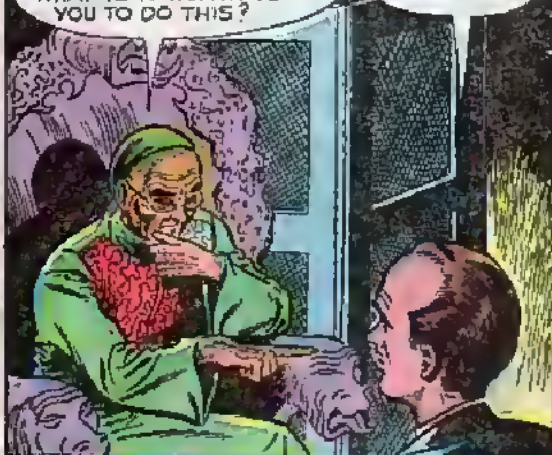
...BUT MURDER? IS THAT WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND?

IT'S UNCANNY! YOU'RE READING MY MIND! I ONLY THOUGHT...



YOU ONLY THOUGHT TO TAKE
BERT'S PLACE IN LIFE, TO TAKE
HIS FINISHED NOVEL FOR YOUR
OWN... AND WIN BACK JANE!
WHAT IS IT WORTH TO
YOU TO DO THIS?

TELL ME
HOW AND
I'LL GIVE YOU
ANYTHING
YOU WANT!



DOCTOR WONG LED DAVID TO THE BACK
OF THE SHOP, AND...

HERE ON THIS SHELF
OF FATAL POTIONS IS
YOUR ANSWER! DO AS
I SAY AND HE'LL
DIE IN AGONY!

BUT I HAVE NO
MONEY! I CAN'T
PAY, YOU!



THEN YOU MUST WRITE ME
INTO THE BOOK, YOU MUST
DESCRIBE ME WELL, AND
I MUST HAVE HALF OF
ALL YOUR PROFITS!
DO NOT TRY TO
CHEAT ME!

I PROMISE!

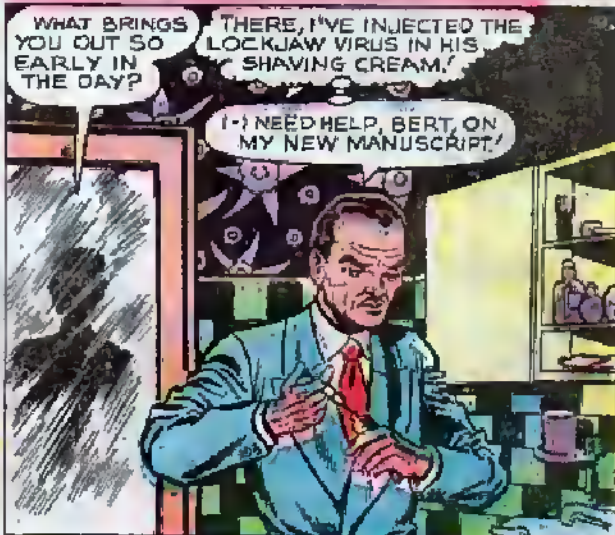


THE NEXT MORNING, DAVID CALLED ON BERT...

WHAT BRINGS
YOU OUT SO
EARLY IN
THE DAY?

THERE, I'VE INJECTED THE
LOCKJAW VIRUS IN HIS
SHAVING CREAM!

I NEED HELP, BERT, ON
MY NEW MANUSCRIPT!



I WANT TO
BE A SUCCESS
LIKE YOU, BERT!
GIVE ME SOME
ADVICE, TEACH
ME TO WRITE...
LIKE YOU!

THAT'S MY NEW NOVEL,
BUT I CAN'T HELP YOU
NOW, I'VE GOT TO
SHAVE AND KEEP
A LUNCH DATE!



YOU'VE GOT
A DATE WITH JANE!
BERT, SHE'S MINE!
LEAVE HER
ALONE!

YOU'RE A FOOL, DAVID! SHE
DOESN'T WANT A BROKEN
DOWN WRITER LIKE YOU!
JANE LIKES SUCCESS
LIKE ME, NOT FAILURE
LIKE YOU!



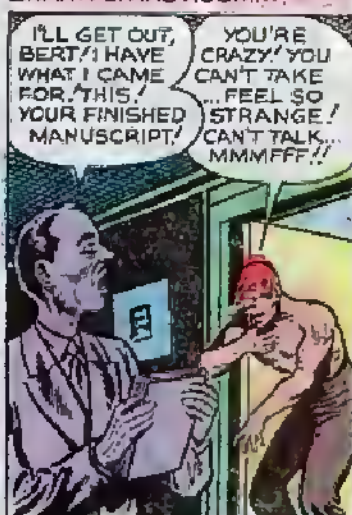
ENRAGED, DAVID GRABBED BERT AND...



YOU RAT! I'LL...

OUGH, YOU CLUMSY OX! YOU MADE ME CUT MYSELF! NOW GET OUT OF HERE AND LET ME ALONE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, BERT STUMBLED OUT INTO HIS SWANK LIVING ROOM...



I'LL GET OUT, BERT! I HAVE WHAT I CAME FOR. THIS! YOUR FINISHED MANUSCRIPT!

YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU CAN'T TAKE ... FEEL SO STRANGE! CAN'T TALK, MMMFFF!!

AND SLIPPED TO THE FLOOR, A DYING MAN...



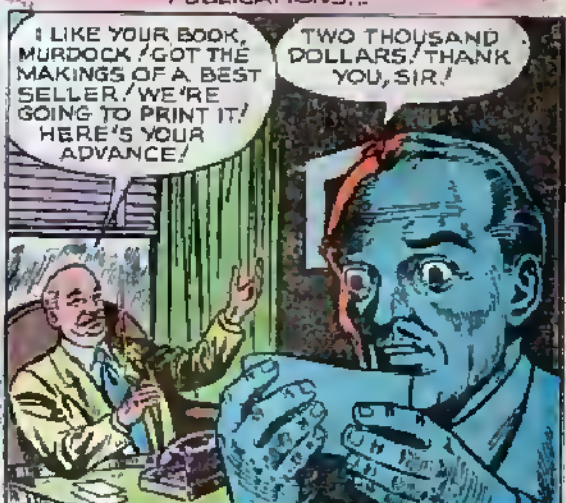
YOU CAN'T STOP ME! NEVER AGAIN! FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO BE THE SUCCESSFUL ONE! AND YOU'LL BE DEAD!

DAVID WORKED HARD KEEPING THE FIRST PART OF HIS BARGAIN. HE FINISHED THE STOLEN MANUSCRIPT... AND PUT WONG INTO ITS STORY!



THAT WAS A STRANGE REQUEST OF WONG'S! TO BE WRITTEN INTO THE BOOK! WELL, I'VE DONE IT! IT EVEN IMPROVES THE BOOK!

WEEKS PASSED... AND THEN ONE DAY DAVID WAS CALLED TO THE OFFICE OF ALAX PUBLICATIONS...



I LIKE YOUR BOOK, MURDOCK! GOT THE MAKINGS OF A BEST SELLER! WE'RE GOING TO PRINT IT! HERE'S YOUR ADVANCE!

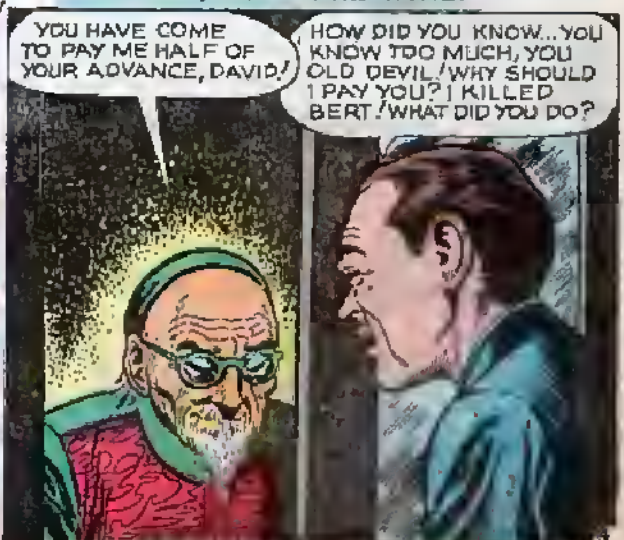
TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS, THANK YOU, SIR!

BUT MONEY MADE DAVID "FORGET" THE SECOND PART OF HIS BARGAIN WITH WONG!



I'M A SUCCESS AT LAST! I'D BE A FOOL TO GIVE WONG ANY OF THIS MONEY! HE'LL NEVER KNOW, BUT I'LL MAKE SURE!

THAT NIGHT, DAVID VISITED WONG!



YOU HAVE COME TO PAY ME HALF OF YOUR ADVANCE, DAVID!

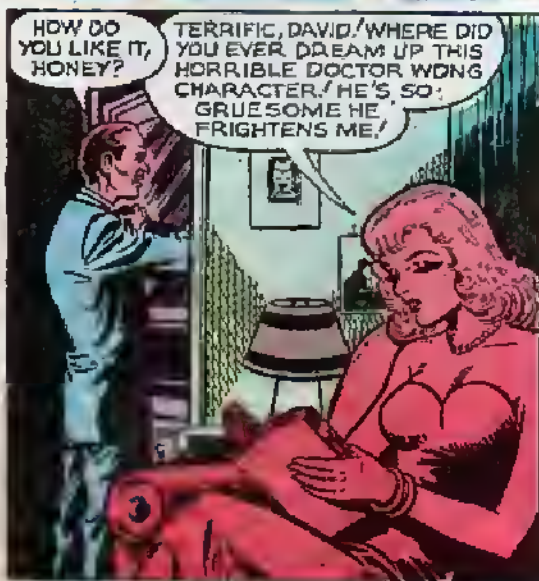
HOW DID YOU KNOW... YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, YOU OLD DEVIL! WHY SHOULD I PAY YOU? I KILLED BERT! WHAT DID YOU DO?



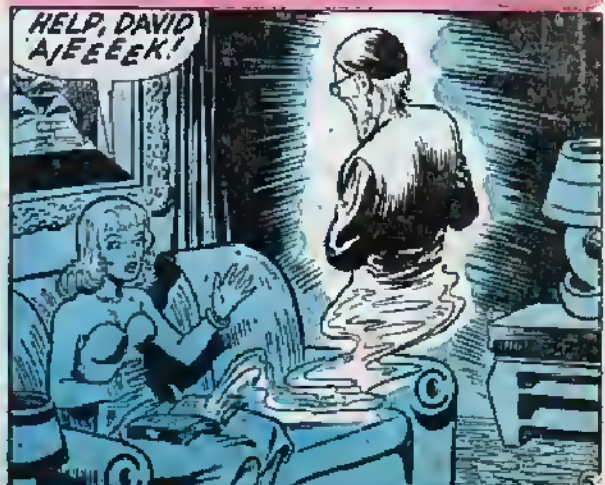
IN A FEW MOMENTS, DAVID SILENCED THE SCREECHING VOICE THAT DEMANDED A SHARE OF HIS SUCCESS...



WEEKS LATER DAVID REVELED IN HIS STOLEN LUXURY...



AS JANE READ ABOUT WONG, THE ROOM FILLED WITH A MURKY, EVIL SMELLING CLOUD/SUDDENLY FROM THE PRINTED PAGE SPRANG AN ORIENTAL FIGURE...



AS JANE SCREAMED RENT THE AIR, DAVID SPRANG INTO THE ROOM TO SEE...



DOCTOR WONG, IT CAN'T BE, YOU'RE DEAD!

YOU CAN'T KILL ME, DAVID MURDOCK, AS PART OF YOUR BOOK I WILL LIVE FOREVER!



WHO IS HE? WHAT DOES HE WANT?

I WANT MY FEE! DAVID, YOU MADE A BARGAIN WITH ME FOR MY HALF OF EVERYTHING YOU GAINED FROM MURDERING BERT!



WHAT IS HE SAYING, DAVID? MURDER? YOU KILLED BERT?

I SAID HALF OF EVERYTHING, DAVID, BEGINNING WITH THIS!



MY MANUSCRIPT! GET OUT OF HERE, YOU FIEND!

AND NOW THE GIRL! YOU WON HER WHEN YOU KILLED BERT! I'LL TAKE HALF OF HER AS PART OF THE BARGAIN!

WONG PASSED A KNIFE BEFORE JANE AND THE LIVING JANE BECAME TWO HALVES!



MAKE HER WHOLE! I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING, WONG, ONLY GIVE HER BACK TO ME!

HA! HA! DAVID, YOU MADE A BARGAIN AND YOU TRIED TO CHEAT.

AAAGGH



HORROR-STRICKEN, DAVID FLED FROM WONG AND THE SCENE OF DEATH!

TOO LATE! DAVID, YOU WAITED TOO LONG AND YOU WERE TOO UNWILLING TO PAY YOUR DEBTS!



WONG TOOK HIS HALF OF JANE AND DISAPPEARED, AS DAVID FELL TO HIS DEATH!

WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED, THEY FOUND THE DEAD JANE... BUT ONLY HALF OF HER!



THERE'S ONLY HALF A BODY HERE! WHERE IS THE OTHER HALF?

MOST SHOCKING CRIME I'VE EVER SEEN!

THE END!

THE LAMP OF DOOM

By LESLIE MASON

IT WAS OVER 90, down in the mine pit. The two men swinging their picks were stripped to the waist, their grimy torsos gleaming like burnished copper under the pouring sweat.

Nick stopped to mop his face. Leaning on the handle of his axe he stared fixedly at the back of his co-worker who was swinging up and over rhythmically in a perfect arc. "Ping," rang through the pit every time the steel struck the rock wall.

Suddenly the moving arms froze, the arc uncompleted. It was as though those boring eyes of Nick were penetrating the wet flesh. Despite the terrific heat, the body shuddered and the man turned sharply around, looking with terror into the eyes of Nick.

"Wh—why—ya looking at me like that, Nick?" the young man asked, his voice shaking.

"Jus wondrin, Andy, what Mabel sees in ya," Nick replied, his eyes still boring.

A dark glaze of fear covered Andy's pupils. The lamp on his forehead flickered brightly.

"That's a mighty handsome lamp Mabel give ya," sneered Nick. "Pretty fancy with all that chrome. Funny, when she went steady with me she never gave me nuthin."

"Why ya still stewin' over Mabel, Nick?" Andy's voice was almost pleading. "She said she never promised you nuthin. You two were never engaged."

"So that's what she tole ya! The lyin' she-devil!" Nick's teeth were bared as jealous rage fired his blood.

Forgetting his fear of the enraged Nick, Andy automatically darted forward with clenched fist. But Nick leaped aside, grabbed Andy's pick and lunged the curved steel into the heart of the oncoming man. With a low moan, Andy toppled over, dead.

Nick stood over the corpse of his rival, a sneer on his lips. "You snake—I got ya putta my way at last. An don't worry—I won't take the rap, either. It's gonna be an accident."

When he had arranged Andy's body so that it looked as though he had tripped and fallen on the upturned pick-axe, Nick began to yell. His voice echoing and re-echoing through the black vaults brought a stream of miners from the inner recesses. It was easy, telling them about the terrible accident to his friend, Andy. Everyone knew they had been buddies. An awful thing to see your own pal trip and fall on his own pick! Sympathetic pats on his bent back brought an amused smile on Nick's lowered face—What saps they were! They didn't even realize he had killed Andy cause he had stolen his girl—and now he was going to get her back again.

* * *

Ping! Ping! Ping! Ping! the singing axe rang out in quick, ringing strokes. Nick's muscles moved smoothly under the shiny, wet skin. A new confidence filled him with well-being. He removed his cap with the miner's lamp fastened to it and wiped his grimy brow. The lamp glowed with a dim light and Nick fussed with the wick. His fingers patted the chromium trim and he snickered out loud in the empty pit. So, now the lamp was his! And he was back in the pit where he and Andy had worked together. They were short-handed, but they promised him another man in a few days.

Well, his first day back, after spending a week mourning his dead buddy, Andy, it was good to be alone. Kinda look around and get used to being back. Better to be alone—just in case a ghost should be hoverin' around. Hahaha! Ghosts! Anyway, Andy's ghost had no power against him. Things had turned out too well. Why, after Mabel got used to the idea that Andy was dead, she even let him come to see her.

One look at her and he knew things had not changed for him. She still could make his head reel when she turned her large brown eyes, like velvet, on him. He had been a fool to let her go. If he hadn't played around with that dancer, Flora, Mabel wouldn't have turned to Andy. But how was he to know she'd find out! Well, with Andy out of the way, he'd win her again—but this time he'd play it more careful.

The first time he called, she was very quiet. She was dressed in black and sat pulling at a little handkerchief in her lap. She asked him a lot of questions about Andy's accident. Sometimes he had to squirm. She was worse than a detective. Lucky the police had cleared him and called it an accident. It was creepy, too, the way she kept the lamp she had given Andy close to her on the sofa. Every now and then her fingers would creep out and fandle the thing.

But she let him come back. And it was just last night that she had asked him to take Andy's lamp.

"You were his friend, Nick. I'd like you to use this lamp in the pit."

"But—you seem to like it, Mabel," Nick answered uncertainly. "Don't you want to keep it as a—souvenir?"

"No," she said firmly, "I now want you to have it. Will you take it with you to the pit tomorrow? Promise!"

So that's how he came to have Andy's lamp. Mabel had gotten over her boy-friend's death quickly and had pressed her own gift to Andy on him, Nick. After all she once loved him—before Andy—it wouldn't be hard, again. What—what was that?

A distant rumble became a crash. Nick jumped up in time to escape falling rock. Then it happened. Suddenly there was pitch blackness—the darn safety lamp had gone out. But how. Then the noise stopped. Groping, he felt his way along the walls of the pit. His hand touched water! A leakage in the vein! He must get out, find the automatic safety door.

He started to scream. All the men were running

to the safety door. Frantically, he groped in the blackness. He fell to his knees and gasped as water came up to his hips. The water was coming through the vein in streams and fast filling the pit. He could hear the other men shouting to him to get to the safety door before they would spring it shut. They just didn't understand that his lamp went out. A miner's lamp never goes out! It's his most vital tool. This lamp—it was Andy's—Mabel made him take it—why did it go out?

Suddenly there was silence—except for the gushing water. The men's voices stopped. Seeing no light they assumed everyone had gotten out. A terrible clang rang out. My God—they had sprung the safety door! They thought he had gotten out, too! He tried to yell, to tell them he was in blackness, the lamp—the lamp—was out. But the heavy door which kept the water from overflowing into the other pits also shut in the sound of his voice. As the water rose higher and higher, up to his chest, his chin, he knew he was doomed.

When the miners reached the surface, the glare of sunlight smarting their eyes, a girl was standing, waiting, waiting. It was Mabel.

"Where's—where's—Nick?" she asked, an odd smile playing on her lips.

Nick wasn't with them. When the final load reached the top—he wasn't there. A rescue party was formed to go back for him.

"We thought he got out—why didn't he come when the leak started?" they all wondered.

The rescue party worked all night. Early the next morning they were able to raise the safety door. The body of Nick was found—and there was the lamp, Andy's lamp, which Mabel had given him. But it was brightly glowing.

He could have gotten out in plenty of time. The lamp shed plenty of light. Why didn't he make his escape?

They all wondered. But, still on Mabel's lips, was that enigmatic smile.

THE END

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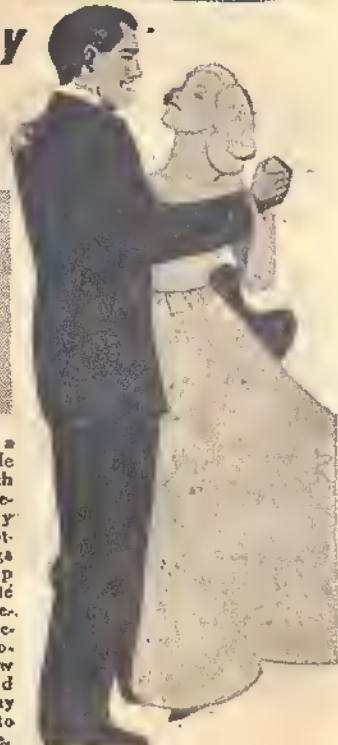
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A LAND OF MYSTERY IS OLD AFRICA, OF WILD, SAVAGE, PEOPLE --- TRIBES OF MAN-EATING CANNIBALS. SPELLS AND MAGIC ARE COMMON --- STRANGE EVENTS TAKE PLACE THAT CAN NEVER BE EXPLAINED. HERE A MAN DISCOVERED ANOTHER'S DEATH HAD GIVEN HIM A NEW AND WONDROUS POWER: TO MAKE WISHES THAT WOULD COME TRUE! BUT HIS LAST WISH--- WAS ---

The WISH of DOOM



BOND, THE TOUGH CAPTAIN OF THE FREIGHTER, "SEA LION" PLIED HIS TRADE IN DEEPEST AFRICA AND HE LOVED IT. BUT HIS CREW HATED HIM AND FREQUENTLY DESERTED...

AVAST, KOSTER, WE'RE MAKING TOWARD PORT. WE'LL NEED MORE HANDS TO REPLACE THE DESERTERS!

AYE, AYE, CAP'N BOND. BUT THEY'RE ALL CANNIBALS IN KANGYIKA.

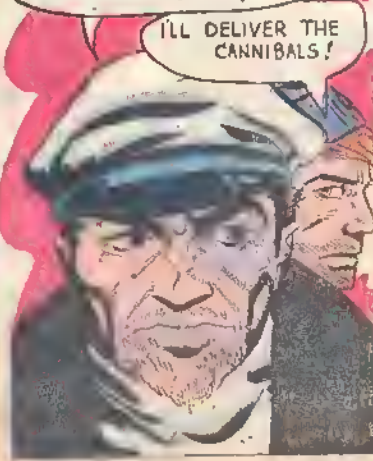
CANNIBALS DON'T SCARE ME— YOUR PEOPLE WERE VOODOO WORSHIPPERS, TOO!

I'LL DELIVER THE CANNIBALS!

MATE KOSTER DELIVERED THE NEW CREW...

WE CAN HANDLE 'EM, MATE. CANNIBALS OR NOT-- WE NEED 'EM!

DRIVE 'EM ON!



BEFORE BOND COULD SAIL, A
PASSENGER APPROACHED...

MY NAME IS MARCIA RAND. I BEG OF
YOU TO TAKE ME AS A PASSENGER. I
MUST GET AWAY FROM THE CANNIBALS!

SORRY, MA'AM, IMPOSSIBLE.
OUR CREW IS MOSTLY OF
A CANNIBAL TRIBE.

DON'T TAKE A DAME, CAP'N /
CANNIBALS AND DAMES
DON'T MIX /

BUT THE TEMPTATION OF A BEAUTI-
FUL GIRL AND A FORTUNE IN JEWELS
WAS TOO MUCH FOR CAPTAIN BOND
TO RESIST.

SEE THESE CANNIBAL JEWELS? THEY
ARE ALL YOURS IF YOU TAKE ME.

IT'S A DEAL--BUT
I'VE WARNED YOU--
THERE'S DANGER.

CAPTAIN BOND AND MARCIA FIND THE TRIP MOST AGREEABLE,
BUT FIRST MATE, JOE KOSTER, RESENTS A GIRL-PASSENGER
ON BOARD.

I'M AWFULLY GRATEFUL,
CAPTAIN BOND-- I MEAN,
CLIFF /

YOU PAID ME WELL, MARCIA.
BESIDES, I LIKE
YOU-- A LOT.

(SO I'LL ASK NO
QUESTIONS!)

A DAME--
ON A SHIP /
SHE'S HARD
LUCK! THE
CAP'N'S LOCO!

THAT NIGHT...

WHAT WAS THAT?
MARCIA! SHE'S
CALLING ME!

H--HELP!
CL--CLIFF!

DEVIL TAKE YA--
YA CANNIBAL /

OOOOOH!

OH, CLIFF, YOU CAME JUST IN
TIME-- THAT AWFUL BEAST...

SHE HARD LUCK, CAP'N.
SHE STOLE JEWELS?

THE NEXT AFTERNOON BROUGHT AN AFRICAN HURRICANE AND A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND TORE AT THE MAST AND AN EAR-SPLITTING BURST OF THUNDER BROKE THE TROPICAL QUIET.

MATE KOSTER, ORDER MAINSAILS LOWERED!

C'MON, BOY-- YOU HEARD THE ORDERS!

R-- CRACK!

CR-- CRASH!

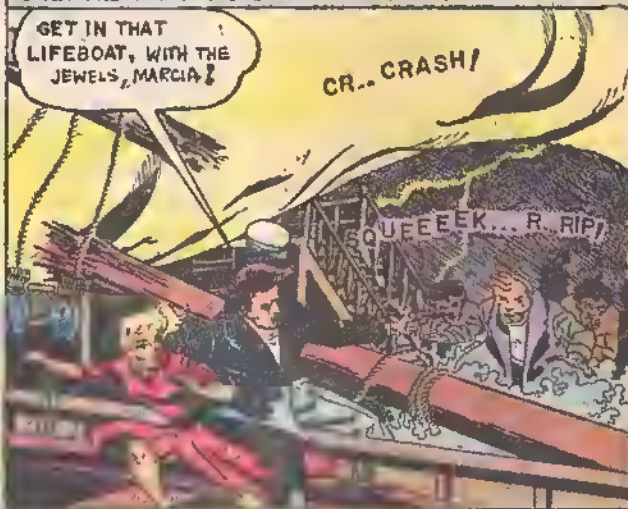


THE OLD FREIGHTER WAS CRACKING APART UNDER THE LASHING OF THE STORM. TWO LIFE-BOATS WERE LOST AND ONLY THE THIRD AND LAST WAS LEFT...

GET IN THAT LIFEBOAT, WITH THE JEWELS, MARCIA!

CR-- CRASH!

SQUEEEK... R. RIP!



THE SEA LION WAS BREAKING UP FAST. BUT CLIFF AND MARCIA DIDN'T WAIT FOR THE FIRST MATE AND THE REST OF THE CREW...

THE SHIP'S SINKING! EACH MAN FOR HIMSELF! WE CAN'T TAKE CANNIBALS, KOSTER!

WAIT FOR US! DON'T DESERT YOUR SHIP... OR YOU'LL BE A FLYING OUTCHMAN!



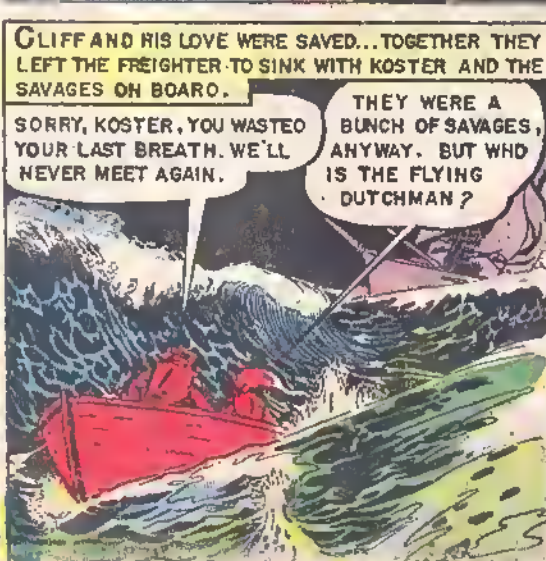
CURSE YOU BOTH! MAY ALL YOUR WISHES COME TRUE AND YOUR LIVES PRESERVED SO THAT WE CAN MEET AGAIN!



CLIFF AND HIS LOVE WERE SAVED... TOGETHER THEY LEFT THE FREIGHTER TO SINK WITH KOSTER AND THE SAVAGES ON BOARD.

SORRY, KOSTER, YOU WASTED YOUR LAST BREATH. WE'LL NEVER MEET AGAIN.

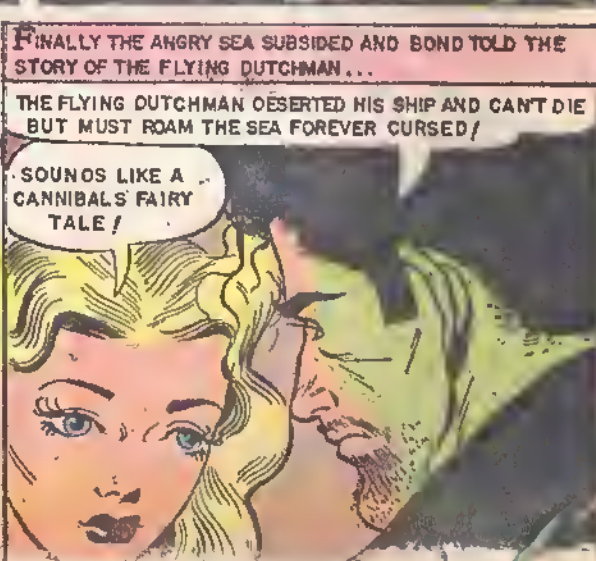
THEY WERE A BUNCH OF SAVAGES, ANYWAY. BUT WHO IS THE FLYING DUTCHMAN?



FINALLY THE ANGRY SEA SUBSIDED AND BOND TOLD THE STORY OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN...

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN DESERTED HIS SHIP AND CAN'T DIE BUT MUST ROAM THE SEA FOREVER CURSED!

SOUNDS LIKE A CANNIBALS' FAIRY TALE!



THE CALM THAT FOLLOWED THE STORM WAS HOT AND HUMID. CLIFF AND MARGIA HAD NOW BEEN DRIFTING FOR THREE DAYS.



I- I'M SO HUNGRY, CLIFF.

ME, TOO. I- I WISH I COULD FIND SOME FOOD...

CLIFF HAD HARDLY UTTERED THESE WORDS WHEN A BIRD PERCHED ON THE BOAT...



CLIFF- LOOK- LDDK /

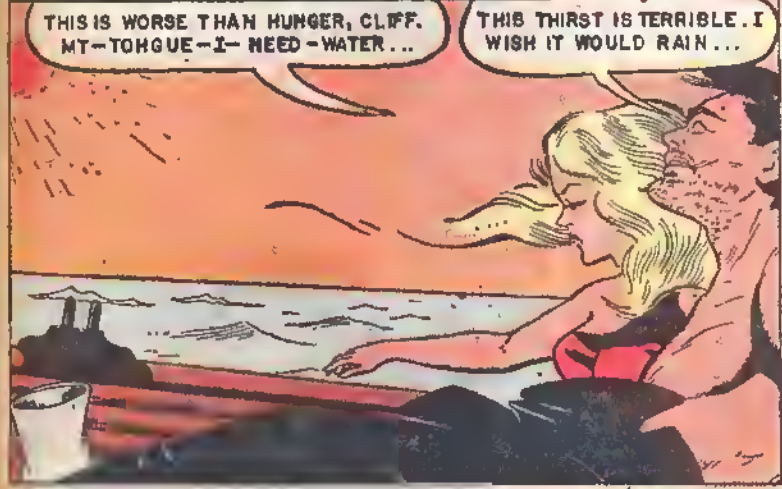
THAT'S OUR MEAL, MARGIA.

BOND CAPTURED AND KILLED THE BIRD...



YOUR WISH CAME TRUE.

SOON, CLIFF AND MARGIA DEVELOPED AN UNBEARABLE THIRST- BUT WOULD NOT DARE DRINK THE SALTY WATER OF THE SEA...



THIS IS WORSE THAN HUNGER, CLIFF. MY TONGUE- I- NEED WATER...

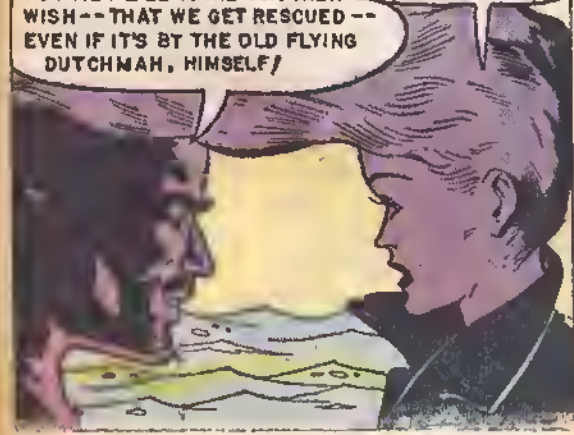
THIS THIRST IS TERRIBLE. I WISH IT WOULD RAIN...

SUDDENLY, AS IF IN ANSWER TO HIS WISH, THE SKY DARKENED... DROPS OF RAIN FELL, MAGICALLY!



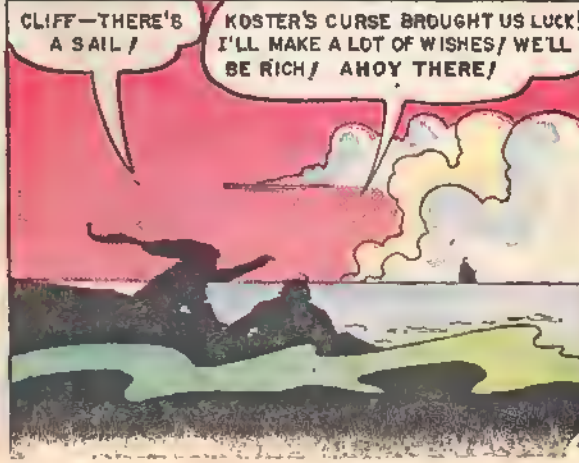
THAT TII CAH- I'LL CATCH SOME WATER!

YOUR WISHES ALL CAME TRUE / MAYBE IT'S KOSTER'S CURSE. I'M AFRAID, CLIFF!



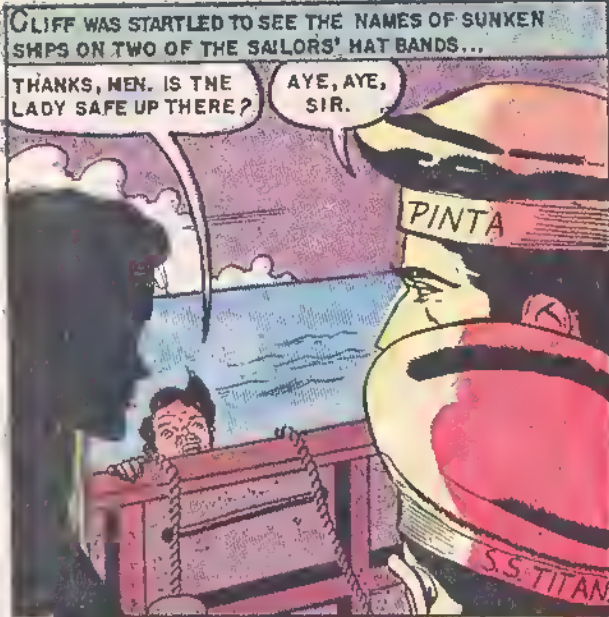
NOT ME. I'LL MAKE ANOTHER WISH-- THAT WE GET RESCUED-- EVEN IF IT'S BY THE OLD FLYING DUTCHMAN, HIMSELF!

AND THEN, AGAIN, CLIFF'S WISH WAS ANSWERED. A SHIP APPEARED...



CLIFF- THERE'S A SAIL!

KOSTER'S CURSE BROUGHT US LUCK! I'LL MAKE A LOT OF WISHES! WE'LL BE RICH! AHoy THERE!



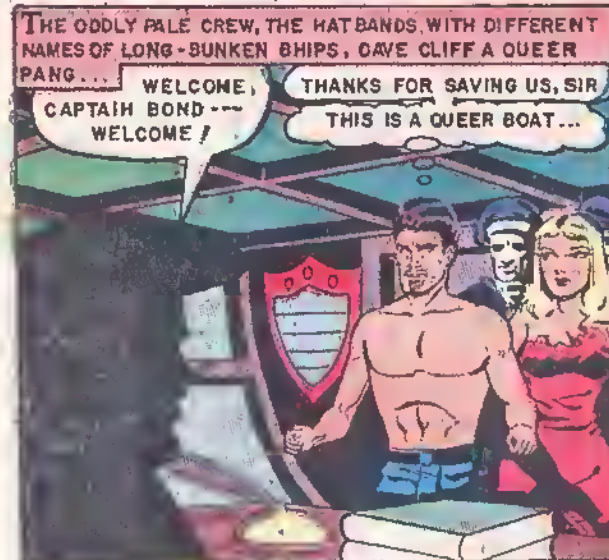
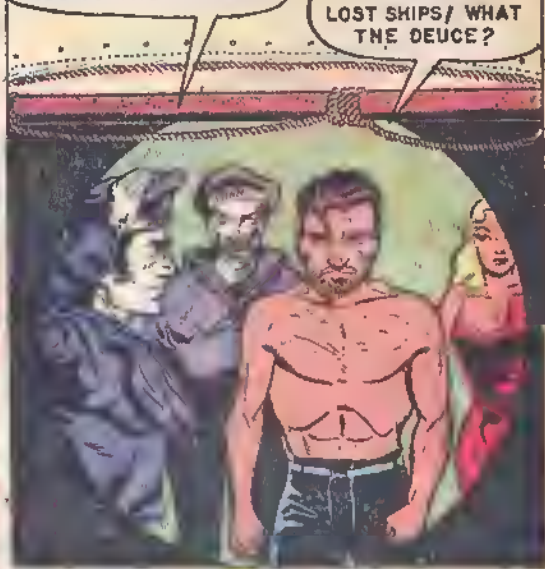
CLIFF WAS STARTLED TO SEE THE NAMES OF SUNKEN SHIPS ON TWO OF THE SAILORS' HAT BANDS...

THANKS, MEN. IS THE LADY SAFE UP THERE?

AYE, AYE, SIR.

COME THIS WAY, SIR. I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE CAPTAIN.

SS. PINTA—ONE OF COLUMBUS'S LOST SHIPS / WHAT THE DEUCE?



THE ODDLY PALE CREW, THE HAT BANDS, WITH DIFFERENT NAMES OF LONG-SUNKEN SHIPS, GAVE CLIFF A QUEER PANG...

WELCOME, CAPTAIN BOND— WELCOME!

THANKS FOR SAVING US, SIR THIS IS A QUEER BOAT...

WHAT SHIP IS THIS, CAPTAIN?

I'M THE FLYING DUTCHMAN / YOU'LL BE PART OF MY CREW NOW, MR. BOND!



YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME—AND THOSE HANDS ARE SO COLD!

PUT 'EM IN IRONS TILL THEY LEARN RESPECT!

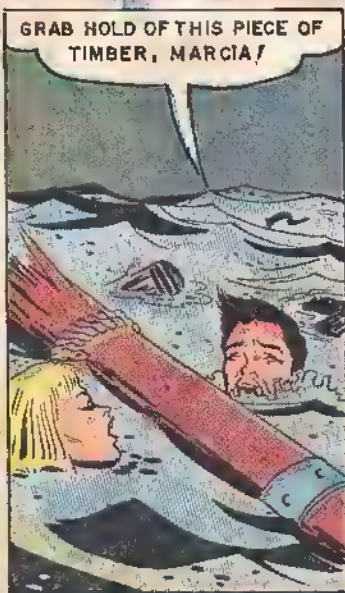
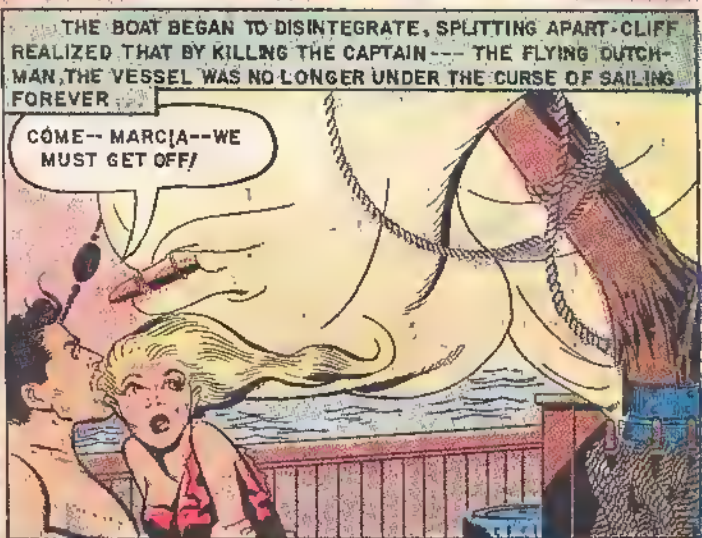
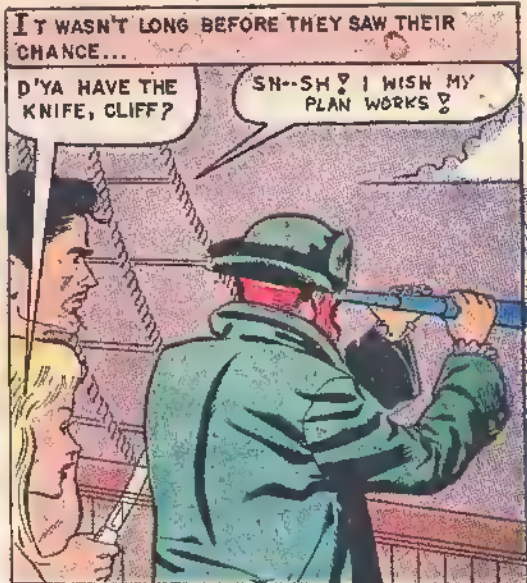
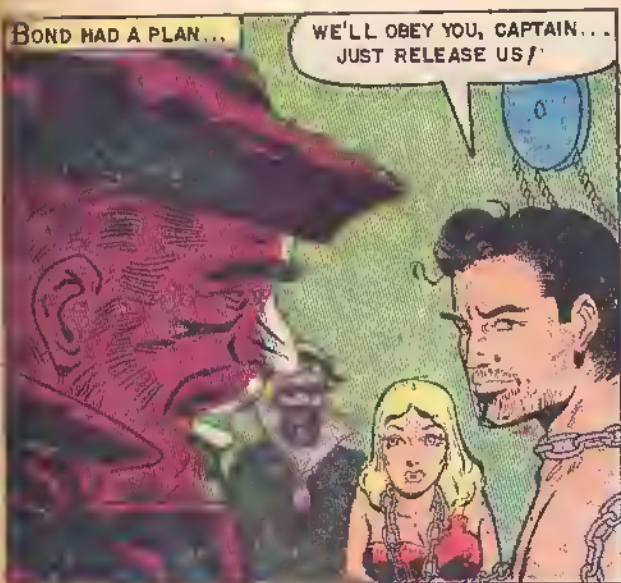


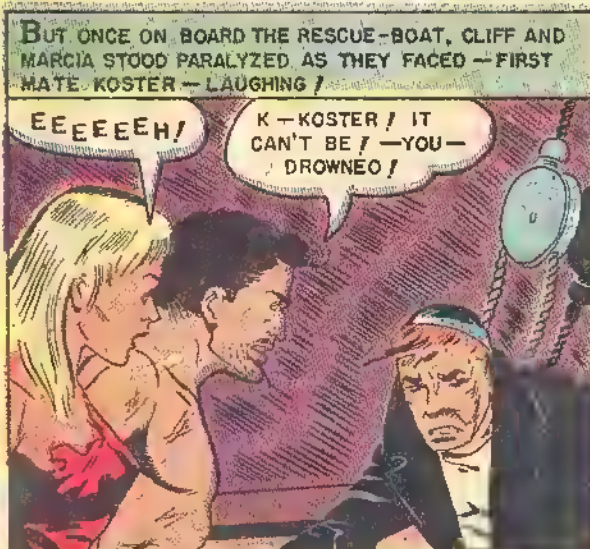
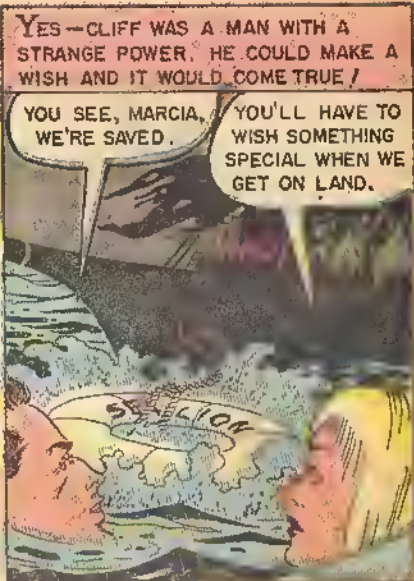
THEN BOND KNEW THE MEN OF THE CREW WERE CURSED LIKE HIM...MEN WHO HAD DESERTED THEIR SINKING SHIPS...AND WHILE THE FLYING DUTCHMAN LIVED--- THEY COULD NOT ESCAPE!

THEN THEY KNEW THIS CAPTAIN AND THIS CREW WERE NOT REAL...

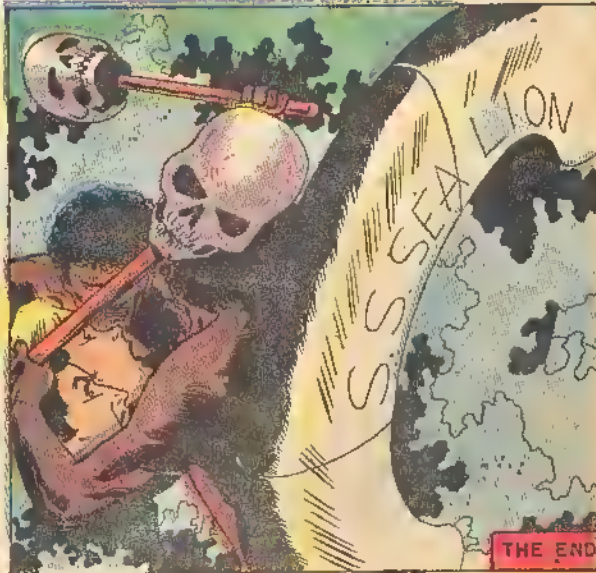
WE MUST ESCAPE, MARCIA!







IN AFRICA
THERE IS
SORCERY AND
WITCHCRAFT—
AND CURSES
THAT HIT
THEIR MARK.
SO CAPTAIN
CLIFF BOND
AND THE
GIRL, MARCIA,
FOUND OUT.
THEY
BECAME
FOOD —
FOOD FOR
THOUGHT
DIDN'T
THEY?



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SUPPLY
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\$1

MAIL THIS COUPON

DOCTOR'S PLAN, DEPT. MC-4.

P. O. BOX 787, NEWARK 1, NEW JERSEY

Save postage. Doctor's Plan pays postage if you enclose payment now. (If c.o.d., postage and mailing charges extra.)

☐ I enclose \$2 cash, check, or money order. Please rush the full 24-day supply **PLUS** the **FREE** 12-day package.

☐ I enclose \$1. Please rush full 12-day package.

Please Print Clearly

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ORDER TODAY—MAIL COUPON NOW!



Borrow Money BY MAIL!

ON YOUR OWN SIGNATURE

Our Guarantee
If for any reason you return the money within 10 days after the loan is made there will be no charge or cost to you.

ANY AMOUNT

\$50⁰⁰ to \$600⁰⁰

Quick—Easy—Private—Confidential

**No Matter Where You Live in the U. S.—You Can Borrow from State Finance
No Endorsers or Co-Signers Needed—Complete Privacy Assured!**

So much easier than calling on friends and relatives . . . so much more business-like . . . to borrow the money you need BY MAIL from fifty-year old State Finance Company. No matter where you live in the U. S., you can borrow any amount from \$50.00 to \$600.00 entirely by mail in complete privacy without asking anyone to co-sign or endorse your loan. Friends, neighbors, employer . . . will NOT know you are applying for a loan. Convenient monthly budget payments. If loan is repaid ahead of time, you pay ONLY for the time you actually use the money! If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your FREE Loan Application and Loan Papers. State amount you want to borrow. Everything you need to make a loan by return mail will be sent to you in a plain envelope! So mail the coupon below today!

**Thousands of Men and Women Like Yourself Use Our
Confidential By-Mail Loan Service**

Repay in Convenient Monthly Installments

Monthly payments are made to fit your budget best. You can start paying six weeks after the loan is made, and repay in convenient monthly payments out of your future earnings. The cost of the loan is regulated by the laws of the State of Nebraska. For example, if the loan is repaid ahead

of time, you pay only for the time you use the money . . . not one day longer! One out of three applicants get cash on their signature only. Furniture and auto loans are also made. No matter in which state you live, you can borrow from State Finance Company in complete confidence.

Clip and Mail Coupon Below for Fast Action

FREE LOAN PAPERS

NO OBLIGATION

If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your Loan Application, sent to you in a plain envelope. There is no obligation, and you'll get fast action. You can get the money you need to help pay bills, to buy furniture, to repair your home or car, to pay doctor or hospital bills, to pay for a vacation, a trip, or for schooling, or for any other purpose. This money is here, waiting for you, so rush this coupon today!

CONFIDENTIAL

Complete privacy is assured. No one knows you are applying for a loan. All details are handled in the privacy of your own home, and entirely by mail. **ONLY YOU AND WE KNOW ABOUT IT!**

IMPORTANT

You must be at least 25 years old to borrow by mail from State Finance.

**Old Reliable Company—
MORE THAN 50 YEARS OF SERVICE**

STATE FINANCE COMPANY was organized in 1897. During the past 54 years, we have helped over 1,000,000 men and women in all walks of life. Confidential loans are made all over America, in all 48 states. We are licensed by the Banking Department of the State of Nebraska to do business under the Small Loan Law.

You'll enjoy borrowing this easy, confidential, convenient way from this old, responsible company in whom you can place the greatest confidence.



**STATE FINANCE
COMPANY**

Dept. A-94, 323 Securities Bldg.
Omaha 2, Nebraska

STATE FINANCE COMPANY MAIL COUPON TODAY!
Dept. A-94, 323 Securities Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebr.

Without obligation rush full details in plain envelope, with FREE Loan Application and Loan Paper for my signature, if I decide to borrow.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Occupation.....Age.....

Amount you want to borrow \$.....

STOP SMOKING

**TOBACCO COUGH—TOBACCO HEART—TOBACCO BREATH—TOBACCO NERVES...
NEW, SAFE FORMULA HELPS YOU BREAK HABIT IN JUST 7 DAYS**



No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthy nicotine and smoke habit, this amazing scientific (easy to use) 7-day formula will help you to stop smoking—**IN JUST SEVEN DAYS!** Countless thousands who have broken the vicious Tobacco Habit now feel better, look better—actually feel healthier because they breath clean, cool fresh air into their lungs instead of the stultifying Tobacco tar, Nicotine, and Benzo Pyrene—all these irritants that come from cigarettes and cigars. You can't lose anything but the Tobacco Habit by trying this amazing, easy method—**You Can Stop Smoking!**

*YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Nerves **STOP**
- Tobacco Breath **STOP**
- Tobacco Cough **STOP**
- Burning Mouth **STOP**
Due To Smoking
- Hot Burning Tongue **STOP**
Due To Smoking
- Poisonous Nicotine **STOP**
Due To Smoking
- Tobacco expense

SEND NO MONEY

**Aver. 1½-Pack per Day Smoker
Spends \$125.90 per Year**

Let us prove to you that smoking is nothing more than a repulsive habit that sends unhealthy impurities into your mouth, throat and lungs... a habit that does you no good and may result in harmful physical reactions. Spend those tobacco \$\$\$ on useful, healthgiving benefits for yourself and your loved ones. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail the Coupon on our absolute Money-Back Guarantee that this 7-Day test will help banish your desire for tobacco—not for days or weeks, but **FOREVER!** Mail the coupon today.

HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

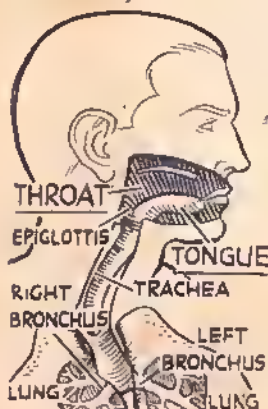
Numerous Medical Papers have been written about the evil, harmful effects of Tobacco Breath, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Lungs, Tobacco Mouth, Tobacco Nervousness... Now, here at last is the amazing "easy-to-take" scientific discovery that helps destroy your desire to smoke in just 7 Days—or it won't cost you one cent. Mail the coupon today—the only thing you can loose is the offensive, expensive, unhealthy smoking habit!

ATTENTION DOCTORS:

Doctor, we can help you, too! Many Doctors are unwilling victims to the repulsive Tobacco Habit. We make the guarantee to you, too, Doctor. [A Guarantee that most Doctors dare not make to their own patients]... If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for tobacco forever... your money cheerfully refunded.



YOU WILL LOSE THE DESIRE TO SMOKE IN 7 DAYS... OR NO COST TO YOU



Here's What Happens When You Smoke...

The nicotine laden smoke you inhale becomes deposited on your throat and lungs... (The average Smoker does this 300 times a day!) Nicotine irritates the Mucous Membranes of the respiratory tract and Tobacco Tar injures those membranes. Stop Tobacco Cough, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Breath... Banish smoking forever, or no cost to you. Mail the coupon now.

Don't be a slave to tobacco... Enjoy your right to clean, healthful, natural living. Try this amazing discovery for just 7-Days... Easy to take, pleasant, no after-taste. If you haven't broken the smoking habit forever... return empty carton in 10 Days for prompt refund. Mail the coupon now.

STOP SMOKING—MAIL COUPON NOW!

DOCTOR'S ORDERS PRODUCTS

**7-Day Tobacco Curb—Dept. 53,
2227 Loyola Ave.,
Chicago 26, Illinois**

**SENT TO YOU IN
PLAIN WRAPPER**

On your 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee send me Doctor's Orders 7-Day Tobacco Curb. If not entirely satisfied I can return for prompt refund.

☐ Send 7-Day Supply. I will pay Postman \$2.00 plus Postage and C.O.D. Charge.

Save 45c on C.O.D. Money Order Fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

☐ Enclosed is \$2.00 for 7-Day Supply, you pay postage costs.

☐ Enclosed is \$4.00 for 2 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage costs.

NAME _____ (Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____